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DERRY, N. H.

The Pinkerton Critic

VOL. XIII

DERRY, N. H., JANUARY, 1922.

No. 2.

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Editorial

During the last few months, the Editors of the Critic has been concerned in making it more acceptable, profitable and of more pleasure to those who read it. For this reason we have been working chiefly to increase advertising and circulation. Our advertising is fine, we all heartily thank the merchants and business men who have helped us in this way. Our number of subscribers is greater than ever before, but when we come to the circulation our troubles begin. Our circulation is not half

what it should be in a school of this size. The only remedy for this is to continue to read the Critic—but read your own.

Please remember that whether you are a Freshman, Sophomore, Junior or Senior, all contributions and suggestions will be welcome, and we promise you that your suggestion will be carried out in a different place than the waste basket.

Now let's all work together and make the Critic this year, what it ought to be—A more profitable and acceptable paper.

Evading Mother.

One day a girl friend of mine invited me to join a coasting party that was on for that evening. I was delighted to go. I had not been before as there had never been suffi-

cient snow. I hurried through my studies at school as fast as possible. All the home work I had, was to write a theme for English.

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Upon reaching home, I made my request known to mother. As usual she refused saying that my studying would occupy the evening. But I assured her my English theme was all that was necessary, and I could write any old thing, for that! Even then she could not be persuaded to give her consent.

But I decided to go anyway! To add to my good luck, mother went out. At once I began to put on a pair of heavy shoes and I had just finished, when in popped mother for something she had forgotten. She asked me to get it for her. What could I do? I didn't have time to take those shoes off, and if she saw them, she certainly would suspect something. So I cheerfully lied, and said I had retired. Then I jumped

into bed fully dressed. Mother was rather amazed because I had retired so early. I told her I might as well sleep, as do nothing. As soon as she left, once more I jumped up, grabbed my sweater and cap, and started, I had just reached the foot of the stairs when mother entered. A friend who was coming to call, had met her just as she was leaving. I flew into the kitchen and hid. How could I get out and not be heard? I waited and waited—and still they talked. By this time I was far too disgusted to care for coasting--sour grapes. It was too late now to meet the party. So I slowly and quietly, removed the shoes, and crept up stairs, and just as I hopped into bed mother said goodnight to her caller.—H. H.

The Bazaar

The treasurer of the Athletic Association had given quite a shocking report of many expenditures and few, very few entries on the debit side of his journal. This report was somehow passed on thru school and someone was brilliant enough to see the wisdom of giving a bazaar.

Well after everyone managed to get their heads together and talk over the advantages and disadvantages of such a proceeding the answer was a great big YES!

Committee after committee was necessarily appointed and soon plans were in full sway.

The freshmen girls were requested to make plans for an apron table and altho they seemed rather shy of the idea at first, they finally consented.

The committee decided that the Sophomore class seemed to have quite a number of industrious girls in it, so they were called upon to get busy and embroider collars, cuffs, doilies and get things ready in general for a fancy work table. Altho every girl said, "Oh, yes I'll make something. I'll tell you, kind of on the quiet you know,

that three-fourths of all they had, kind mothers had been called upon to make. Of course this was perfectly O. K. because the girls simply didn't have ONE SPECK of extra time with studies and everything else.

The Juniors? Oh, yes, naturally with all the domestic-like members of this class they willingly consented to the idea of a food-table.

Because of the talent and great amount of patience in the Senior class it was inevitable that the hardest part of all should fall their share. But these brave girls took it with never a frown or a sigh, and many was the afternoon spent at the hard and tiresome task of preparing for the handkerchief table.

Oh, goodness, gracious how could I come so near forgetting those sweet and tireless Post Graduate girls who cut and stitched hour after hour making Pinkerton banners and pillows.

Every girl was asked to make candy for the candy table. Some did, some didn't.

Such a grand rush the week before Dec.

16, (the date set for the grand affair) Such questions and answers as these were heard in the corridors and in different homes.

"Will you go to the movies with me—?"

"Oh! I'm so sorry but I really must stay home and work on the apron I'm making for the Bazaar."

"Miss—— please translate the next paragraph."

"I'm sorry but I was so busy working on the collar and cuff set I'm making for the Bazaar that I didn't have time to do my lesson last evening."

"Why didn't you get home from school earlier to-day?"

"Why mother didn't I explain that it would be necessary for me to remain after school to-day to make handkerchiefs for the Bazaar?"

Finally the 16th arrived and many were the comments on the different booths and tables. The candy table would have taken a prize (so some people thought). It really WAS very pretty. The table had been decorated to resemble a big orchid candy box and then of course the sales girl and the baskets of candy added a great deal of attractiveness.

The P. G.'s table made a fine showing, with its banners and certainly showed school spirit.

For all the pretended shyness on the part of the freshmen girls they apparently

recovered in time to make lots of very pretty aprons.

The Sophomores got busy, after a fashion, and their table was pretty well laden with dainty trinkets that certainly appealed to the visitors.

The Junior class was voted to contain many good cooks. Keep it up girls your experience will probably come in handy some day.

The boys? No indeed they did not get out of it for nothing. They set up a christmas tree and fairly loaded it with mysterious parcels suitable for this new kind of a grab-bag.

Last, but by no means least the Seniors. Their booth was the daintiest one imaginable and the handkerchiefs!!!—all colors of the rainbow, some embroidered, some with crocheted edges and lots of pretty ones from the stores.

Yes, siree they had the prettiest booth there. What's that, you doubt it? Well all right you don't have to take my word for it, just you ask anyone and they will tell you the very same thing.

When the visitors were finally dragged away from the booths, two one-act farces were successfully presented.

In conclusion I will say that it was a "Howling success." And the Athletic Association was \$65.00 better off, the result of someone's bright thought. Anon.

Question Box

Dear Editor:—Can you recommend a good hair dye for me?—L. T. '23.

T. R. '22 suggests old rose tonic.—Ed.

Dear Editor:—Could you satisfy my curiosity by telling me what makes E. B. '22 primp? Patiently x. y. z.

These lines startled me at first, but in concentrated reading I found some lines which can be applied to our Evelyn, written by Julius Caesar (I guess) "After man came woman, and she's been after him ever since."—Ed.

Dear Editor:—Why has W. B. '22 so many freckles? P. Q. Beauty is only skin deep—remedy—skin him.—Ed.

Dear Editor:—Is shine going to Boston for Track.

Yours for adventure S. O. S.

In my opinion, no, not until 1950 anyway.—Ed.

Dear Editor:—Where was W. L. '23 hair cut?

I can't give the exact date, but I suppose it was done just after he stepped into the barber's chair:—Ed.

Dear Editor:—Why is Miss "Flu" so good natured—Ingn Ilsitine.

She's able to put up with most anything.—Ed.

Dear Editor:—Why do most girls comb their hair in cootie garages—F. A. T.

So as to be deaf to the remarks of the unsophisticated Freshmen of P. A.—Ed.

Dear Editor:—Why would D. R. C. and W. A. R. make a good match?—V. F. W.

Because the phoshorous on the end of a match always explodes.—Ed.

Dear Editor:—Why is Tommy Stewart so bashful—Interested.

I think that the song entitled "you'd be surprised," suits Tommy perfectly.—Ed.

Dear Editor:—Why do all of Buck Harvell's classes like French—anxiously.

Because everyone is so enthusiastic and does his lessons tous les jours.—Ed.

Dear Editor:—What if E. D. '22 stopped using powder?—q. r. x.

The cosmetic department of Moody's store would probably go into bankruptcy.—Ed.

Dear Editor:—Who is the champion gum chewer of P. A. and what is the record?

Mary O'Neil claims the honors. The record is a stick for each class in the day.—Ed.

Dear Editor:—Are H. C. '23 and J. E. '23 to grace the seats of room six next year? If so where's the pull?—Yours till Niagara Falls.

I take no responsibility for my answer, but I think they are teacher's favorites.—Ed.

Dear Editor:—Why is History IV like a nest of hornets?

Because they always follow a leader.—Ed.

Dear Editor:—Why does M. G. '22 like French so well

It must be the teacher, certainly not French.—Ed.

Dear Editor:—Why is it that H. L. '23 wears such a large hat—Q. D. X.

To make it seem that he has superhuman mentality.—Ed.

Dear Editor:—Why has Pinkerton so many teachers? V. D.

Everything stops at Derry,—even the clocks.—Ed.

Dear Editor:—Why does V. W. '22 take longer to write her tests than anybody else—No. 13.

To make an impression.—Ed.

Dear Editor:—Why has Spottiswoode such long legs?—News.

He was built for speed, not for beauty.—Ed.

Dear Editor:—Why is Morrison so short?—Curious.

I think he has stunted his growth studying!!!Ed.

Deer Editor:—Why does "Poky" close his eyes when he laughs?—T. M. C.

For the same reason a girl does when she's being kissed.—Ed.

Dear Editor:—Why does "Smitty" love to be contrary?—C. O. '21.

I think, "Cal," it is done for your benefit.—Ed.

Dear Editor:—Why does Ethel like football players?—D. C.

Because she loves notoriety.—Ed.

Grinds

J. J. '25—"I got a dear."

R. M. '24—"Buck or doe?"

J. J.—"Doe."

R. M.—"How many points?"

J. J.—"Two."

"What fo' yo' got yo' pants on wrong side out nigger?"

"Case I gwine to de ball to-nite an' I want to get de bog out ob de knees."

Sing a song of high school

Our bags full of books

Some of which we carry home
Just for sake of looks.

A farmer upon entering a small town with
his horse and wagon saw a signpost which
read, "speed Limit 15 Miles per Hour."
Speaking to his horse, he said "Hurry up,
old boy, but I don't think we can make it."

Little Willie Rose
Sat on a tack
Little Willie Rose.

He had his faults but his heart was on
the right side. Impossible.

Miss McC., to class in shorthand. 11
—"What is the best way to dress in an
office?"

H. W. '22—"think it would be best to
dress at home."

Here lies the chemist amateur
The poor man is now no more
For what he thought was H2O
Was H2O4.

Teacher—we will now have an oral les-
son.

Pupil—Do we have to hand it in?

First Freshman (at football game)—
"Gee! Look at 'em out there in that mud!
How'll they ever get clean?"

Second Freshman—"Well what do you
suppose the scrub team's for anyway?"

Dr. (looking at garden path)—Pat, that's
a bad job, it's all covered with rocks and
gravel.

Pat—Faith, son, and there's mony a bad
job of yours that's covered with rocks and
gravel.

Helen—There is only one thing the mat-
ter with you, George.

George—Why, I always thought I was
all right.

Helen—That's it.

Miss McC. to class in shorthand—"How
are you going to tell an employer he has
made a mistake without his being put out?

I. D. '22—"And not get put out your-
self."

When the donkey saw the zebra
He began to wag his tail
"Well, I never"—was his comment
"Here's a mule that's been to jail."

Miss Flu. reading off marks—"89-64-73-
89-63."

H. H. '24—"Signals."

Jack—"I've got a new job."

Bill—"What doing?"

Jack—"Standing in front of the bank;
there's a lot of money in it."

One bright day in the middle of the night
Two dead boys got up to fight
A deaf and dumb policeman heard the noise
Came out and killed the two dead boys.

Fall from a tree, fall from above;
Fall from most anywhere, but don't fall
in love.

Professor—Success, gentlemen, has four
conditions.

Voice from Back Row—Tough luck, the
Dean will kick him out of college.

He—Dearest, I have you in mind always.
She—Don't—You make me feel small.

"I've got a fellow who owns a swell car
Do you love anyone who owns a car?"
"Anyone."

He—On the contrary, liquor is a great
boon to humanity; it once saved my life.
She—Did you say "a boon to humanity?"

He—Passed by your house last night.
She—(bored) Thanks.

"Why do you seem so fussed?"

"Oh, I always feel self-conscious in an
evening gown."

"Sort of all dressed up and no place to
go?"

"No.....Nothing on for the evening."

"Silas—in our town the people are so rich
that their horses have checks.

Hiram—By Golly, the people in our town
wash their dishes with Gold Dust.

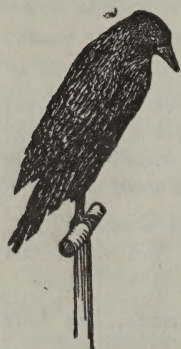
"How did you happen to know Mabel so well?"

"Oh, I fell in with her last summer canoeing.

Sentimentalist—She's all the world to me—what shall I do?

Practical—See a bit of the world, old chestnut.

Caw! Caw! Caw!



Caw! Caw! Caw!

You all went to the social given for the benefit of the Athletic Association didn't you? I think I saw most of you there. You certainly ought to be willing to back up the fellows after the great work they did in football this fall. If they get money enough from the dances and

their tag day they are going to get sweaters for the boys.

Then those happy days come when every one looks so studious and I know it is nearly time for exams. I always feel sorry for you kiddies when examinations come and that is one time when I'm thankful I am a crow. But after the exams you all go away for the Christmas holidays. I went over to my brother's for Christmas dinner, (he lives in Chester). I got a lot of presents. Would you like to know what they were? Well, there was a new perch, a pair of crow shoes (something like snow shoes) and a purple muffler. I didn't know how to walk on those crow shoes though, I tried it on the Academy roof the other day and I slid and all the snow was pushed off. It scared the Seniors awfully, because I flew down and looked in Room 6. (They were having Am. Hist.)

Did you make any new year resolutions? It's a great deal of fun to see how long you

keep them. O, I nearly forgot. One afternoon I saw some of the senior girls in the office and all they did was telephone. I thought something must be up so I flew around until I heard some one say, "sleigh ride," and "six o'clock." I was down to the village and soon "Lillian"—that's the name of the sleigh—came. The Seniors were there and I hopped on with them. They went to Chester and when we got there the girls got the "eats" ready, then after that they all went up stairs in the hall and danced. From the way they looked and acted I guess they had a great time.

The Juniors went on their sleigh ride to Chester a few nights later, and I went with them (I'm getting reckless, going on two sleighrides in one week.) They had a dandy time too. Chester is certainly a popular winter resort and its not the last resort either.

The other night I heard music down stairs so I put on my purple muffler and flew down the hall. This was something different, it was a wireless social. Did you ever hear of a social with wires? I never have. There were a great many people coming and going into that room in back of the stage so finally I went in to see what the reason was. This seemed to be the wireless room. Everyone there had funny black things up to their ears and you'd hear different ones talking about "getting music." My curiosity became too great so I perched on somebody's shoulder and "listened in", and heard music, then a man began to speak and pretty soon it sounded as if a canary was singing. Well, I got so excited I didn't know what to do, So I did it. The Wireless club is certainly interested in wireless though, and I'm going to join and find out where that music came from.

Mr. Horne gave the Football men their sweaters in chapel the other morning. It was a regular time, each one was cheered and something nice said about his playing. The sweaters are dark red with white let-

ters. I wonder how I'd look in one, but I guess it wouldn't go over my wings.

I must tell you the sad news. I was out on the tower and I skidded and broke my wing. I'm not superstitious but I broke it on Friday, the thirteenth. I wanted to go on the hike with the teachers and students the next day too. They went on snow shoes and skis, and I've got those crow shoes. Just my luck. Doc says I'll be out in a few days. Well so long, enjoy all the winter sports.

Caw! Caw! Caw!

E. L. D. '22.

Suppose

Ethel never had bangs.

"Hick" should turn out to be a stenographer.

Morrison should fall in love.

Leon Hall didn't blush.

Virginia Whitney did her Cicero.

Evelyn Bidwell came to school the day her debate was due.

Earl Kelley never cracked a smile or a joke.

Why is It That

Pokey smiles?

Helen O'Neil always has her lessons?

Mavis is so small?

Jack Oakes is called "angelface"?

Tommy Stewart always says. "I don't know?"

Gertrude Leighton can't talk loud?

Dorothy Cotton has curly hair?

Lucy is so studious?

Marian Cogswell and "Walt" Reynolds never get to school on time?

Wanted.

Some one who can equal me in arguing over nothing: signed Helen Wilson.

Room for John Feinauer thirty feet long and twelve feet wide.

A brace to make Tappan sit up in his seat instead of under it.

A man, light hair, preferable—by Ethel Wilson.

A player piano for Pinkerton—by Dorothy Cotton.

An interpreter—Earl Eddy.

Speedometer—Charlie Hall.

2

Witty Sayings.

Say, did you hear about the holdup they had in front of the post office the other night?

No, what was it?

Two wheels held up a dump-cart.

Oh, that's nothing. Did you hear about the big explosion in Derry last week?

Why no, what happened?

The wind blew up Broadway.

Did you hear about the big strike we had in town here?

Goodness no! What strike?

I was coming home from the dance the other night and the clock struck one.

Is This True.

If a social were to be held at P. A. hall at which a lecture were to be given "on Fools and Idiots" the whole school would be interested.

(Margaret Gillispie '22) "Love is a terrible thing. I shall never fall in love."

(Carolyn Martin, '21, sympathetically), "It won't be your fault, will it, Margaret?"

A little piece of rubber

A little drop of ink

Makes a bad report card

Look as if it ain't.—Ex.

To a Chemistry student who drank sulphuric acid thinking it was water.

Here lies the remains of

Shine Bogle"

Now he is no more.

What he thought was H2O.

Was He H2O4.

Who's Who in 1922

Earl Kelley our president, called a class

meeting the other day, the object of which was to settle who's who in 1922.

The result was as follows:—

When votes for the best and most willing workers were counted, it was found that Earl Kelley and Elmer Stevens led the rest.

In the struggle for the funniest member of the class, Charles Hall beat Walter Pillsbury by one vote, but some people are inclined to believe that Charlie cast that vote for himself.

Dorothy Cotton had no opponents whatever in her position as History Shark???

Everyone agreed that Frances Gove was the artist of the class, so our very capable secretary, Helen Annis cast one vote as the result of our unanimous decision.

Pete Spottiswoode finally won as the giant of the class, but it certainly was a hard struggle between him and William Brown.

When voting for the prettiest girl in the class, it seemed so evident that every girl was going to vote for herself that it was decided to let the matter rest, but I happen to know that Margaret Gillispie, Ethel Wilson, Evelyn Bidwell, and Arline Smith were among the first on the list.

When it came to the jazziest, Tom Robertson easily won the honors, and this is partly accounted for by his popularity among the girls.

After votes were counted for the classiest looking fellow, no one was surprised to find that it was a tie between Earl Eddy and Tom Stewart.

Shine Bogle beat 'em when it came to the wittiest.

Gladys Fullonton won by a large majority as the most "level-headed."

Dacey was proclaimed the "Cutest" of the class", especially by the girls.

The brave hero of our class, is of course our star pitcher, Harold Wiggins.

Arvilla Colby led the list as the best natured girl in the class, but Mae Stearns, Jessie Holton and Velma Call were not far behind.

Dorothy Emerson was proclaimed the sweetest, especially by the boys who had some of her—candy, the night of the sleigh ride.

As the most bashful member Leon Hall had no opponents.

When the quickest witted member of the class was mentioned, Helen O'Neil was immediately elected without dispute.

When votes for the most industrious and unselfish member were counted, Vinal Wells won out, but Dona Romprey, Alma Durette and Luella Frost were not far behind.

As the most "kiddish" Thelma George won all honors of course.

Can you imagine Harold Parks and Ethel Lupien arguing as to which is the quietest? Well that is what they will have to do for they each received the same number of votes.

Arthur Reynolds was decided to be the actor of the class.

Edna Downing captured all votes for the girl with the prettiest marcel wave.

Gladys Hallock had no opponents for being the girl who says "Hello:" the most. You see she is a telephone operator sometimes.

The girl that was missed the most was of course Marion George. Yes, Marion, "absence certainly does make the heart grow fonder."

School Notes

Dec. 2-4. Seven of the boys attended the Y. M. C. A. Conference at Nashua.

The Y. M. Meeting, held the last week of the fall term, proved quite interesting because of the various reports from the members who were present at the conference in Nashua.

The Y. W. Meetings since November have been exceedingly busy. First there was a meeting devoted to cutting out paper dolls, to send to some children's hospital. The next meeting was devoted to writing cards

and letters to our president, Marian George, who was at that time in the Elliott Hospital for an operation.

Dec. 16. The bazaar held for the benefit of the Athletic Association by the four classes was a great success.

Dec. 20. A number of the boys who were interested in the wireless, organized a club in hopes of establishing a station here at Pinkerton.

Dec. 22 and 23. Final exams for fall term.

Dec. 23. The last of a series of football socials was held on this date. The proceeds of these socials went for sweaters for the entire football squad, including the coach.

Dec. 23—Jan. 3. Vacation.

Jan. 5. The senior class had a very enjoyable time, when, after several disappointments, their plans for a sleigh ride were finally carried out.

Jan. 6. A fine time was had by all who attended the social for the benefit of the newly organized "Wireless" Club. Nearly everyone enjoys the privilege of listening in at the station, when several very fine musical selections were received.

Jan. 7. The Junior class also had a good time when, in Mr. Dickey's sleigh, nearly all the members of the class went to Chester for the ride, supper and dance.

Jan. 6. Try-outs for the debating teams began at this time, the subject being similar to last years.—

Resolved. That the principle of the closed shop is justifiable.

Jan. 12. A new president and secretary were elected for the Philomathean Society. The returns showed that Dickey was elected as president almost unanimously. Ethel Wilson was also chosen by a large majority as secretary.

Jan. 13. Sweaters and letters were awarded to the thirteen members of this years football team, also to Coach Harvell.

Jan. 16. Miss Flewelling read a letter from the Nashua Y. W., inviting all Pin-

kerton Y. W. girls to Nashua Saturday, January 21, to enjoy an afternoon spent out of-doors and later a hot supper and dance. January 16. Medical inspection began.

Jokes

A boy sat on the rail fence and a city fellow passed.

"Your corn looks kind of yellow—Bub."

"Yep—that's what we planted,"—said Bub.

"It doesn't look as if you'd get more than half a crop," observed the city chap.

"Nope—we don't expect to. The Landlord gets the other half."

The stranger hesitated and ventured.

"You're not far from a fool are you Bub?"

"Nope, not more'n ten feet said the boy"—and he disappeared.

A private was shaving himself in the open air when his Sergeant asked:

"Do you always shave on the outside?"

"Sure," he replied. "Did you think I was furlined?"

"Do you serve any cheese with apple pie?"

"Sure, we serve anyone who has the price."

"I may be tired, but I won't be rimmed," said the bicycle, as it fell into the gutter.

"That man eating, is a farmer,"

"How ja know?"

"By the pitch of his fork."

Waiting.

She was a winsome lass—a peach—and more than passing fair

I strolled one day, along the beach and found her waiting there.

Full soon I said unto my soul, "wed wealth—be free from care,"

For every time I took a stroll I found her waiting there.

And so I lived in vast delight

Or somewhat, I declare,

But, oh, alas! I dined one night,

And found her waiting there!

A Last Resort.

A weary desert stretched for miles.
Stretched sheer weariness. Not a drop of
water was in sight.

Then it was, that the traveler had an in-
spiration.

He wrung his hands.

"What are you crying for?"

"Teacher licked me for something I didn't
do!"

"Something you didn't do! What was
it?"

"My lessons!"

"Why is a horse that can't hold it's head
up, like next Wednesday?"

"Don't know."

"Why, because it's neck's weak."

"Oh, I heard that about a week-back."

"Going up to hear the lecture on appen-
dicitis tonight?"

"No, I'm tired of those organ recitals."

Boy—"I want a bundle of hay."

Farmer—"Is it for your father?"

Boy—"No, its for the horse." Father
doesn't eat hay.

1st Man. "I don't care for Mrs. S. She's
two faced."

2nd Man. I know better than that. If
she has two faces, she'd never have worn
the one she had on when I saw her last.

Soph.—Can you do your Latin transla-
tion?

Fresh.—I could do the translation if I
knew what the words meant.

No wonder a hen gets discouraged.
she can never find anything where she
laid it. 25.

He (after she had told him that she had
been yawning all day) For heavens sake
don't begin now or I'll go home.

—————Couple of minutes of
silence

She—Gee! But I think I'm going to
yawn.

Here's to the Freshmen

So young and such dears

They'll bring them in "go-carts"

In two or three years. (M.L.O. '24.)

Mary had a little car,

It ran by gasoline

And everywhere that Mary went

The auto would be seen

That day the auto struck a tree

It behaved in manner shocking

And Mary went up in the air

And showed her stuffed—Fall Hat.—

Trail.

The old farmer was close and miserly
when the hired boy asked for a lantern
that he might call on his girl, the old fel-
low grumbled," In my day when I was cour-
tin' I went in the dark." "Humph! mur-
mured the boy. "and just see what you got."

Trail.

They sat together, total strangers, on the
narrow seat of a jitney.

She was beautiful and conscious of it.
and she felt his eyes upon her. She turned
her lovely head and met his gaze. He
was good to look upon, dark and virile,
and in his clear eyes was a look of ques-
tion and pleading.

She turned away, her young blood thrill-
ing with the premonition of romance and
adventure. Again she felt his longing but
a hesitant gaze upon her averted face.
She flashed him a fleeting look of encour-
agement.

Emboldened, he bent towards her, his
eager breath fanning her flushed cheek and
whispered hoarsely:

"Say, can't you move over, lady and gim-
me some more room?" Trail.

"What's the worst thing you can think
of—"Bud.

Bud—"A feller using his mate's tooth-
brush."

"Haw, I know something worse than
that."

Bud—"Gee! what is it?"

"A feller reading somebody else's Critic."

M. L. O. '24

A busy gup is Henry Hurls.

He's always picking up strange girls
But don't think he's a sporting gink—
He just works at the skating rink.

Trail.

Willie." said mother," I must insist that
you stop shooting craps—those poor little
things have just as much right to live
as you have—Michigan Gargoyle.

"I hear George is to be married next
month to that brunette he became engaged
to at the beach."

"Why, I thought that was one of those
temporary summer engagements."

"George thought so, too"—Boston Trans-
cript.

Teacher—"Who can give me a sentence
containing the work gruesome?"

Tommy—"Dad did not shave for a week
and grew some whiskers."

I was
At the
Theater the
Other night
And I noticed
That almost
All of the
Men in
The front
Seats
Were bald headed
And I wondered
If they
Bought their
Tickets from
Scalpers.

"I'll give you a day to get out of town."
"You must think I'm as slow as the town,
Judge."

Occupation of Class 1922

E. W.—Singing (?)

E. D.—"Crow"—ing.

M. S.—Doing Shorthand.

M. J. G.—Clock Gazing (?)

U. C.—Sewing.

J. H.—Listening.

V. W.—Studying.

E. S.—Cooking.

T. G.—Flirting.

D. E. Complimenting.

D. R.—Fiddling.

A. D.—Clerking.

E. K.—Working.

A. R.—Shirking (?)

H. S.—Reciting.

W. P. —Teaching (History)

H. P.—Riding.

E. L.—Grinding.

F. G.—Grinning.

D. C.—Eating (to grow fat).

M. F. G.—Dancing.

H. O'N.—Playing.

E. B.—Fooling.

G. F.—Counting (money)

G. H.—Staying up late.

B. R.—Dancing.

L. F. Plying pencils.

I. D.—Walking.

T. S.—Flirting.

E. S.—Hurrying.

C. H.—Sighing.

E. E. Giggling. (?)

L. H.—Blushing.

W. B.—Knowing (History)

T. R.—Sleeping.

A. B. Running.

A. S.—Crying. (?)

H. A.—Slamming.

A. C.—Making noise.

N. B.—Minding.

Music Roll, 24

C. A.—"I Wanta Be in Tennessee" (Sal-
em).

R. W.—"I'm Nobody's Darling."

N. S.—"There Such Nice People."

M. O.—"You Hoo (I Love You)."

E. T.—"I Want Somebody."

R. Mc.—"Sizin' 'em Up."

D. B.—"Nobody's Fool."
 N. B.—"When Frances Dances with Me."
 O. L.—"Nestle in Your Daddy's Arms."
 D. C.—"Absence."
 D. S.—"Snuggle."
 A. L.—"In the Old Town Hall."
 L. S.—"Moa Hammi."
 D. M.—"Grieving for You."
 M. E.—"A Young Mans Fancy."
 A. B.—"Sing me Loves Lullaby."
 A. C.—"Nobody's Baby."
 G. B.—"Sweet Liza."
 H. L.—"Underneath Hawaii Skies."
 E. W.—"Vamping Rose."
 M. W.—"Rose of My Heart."

Class of 1923

Louise **T** rowbridge
 Wenona **H** Alley
 B E atrice Bagley
 Lu **C** y Barker
 Eve **L** yn Bolton
 M **A** rtha Boyden
 Jame **S** Eustis
 Addie Davi **S**
 Rose **C** O hen
 Al **F** ord Frost
 He **N** ry Bartlett
 Kathleen **F** I tgerald
 Myro **N** Fisher
 John **F** E inauer
 May Har **T** shorn
 K **E** nneth Bartlett
 E lsie Call
 Myrabel Co **N** don
 Muriel **C** H urch
 Mavis **F** U llonton
 Ver **N** a Warren
 Alfred Ho **D** gdon
 R obert Hazelton
 H **E** nry Cronin
 Gertru **D** e Leighton

Doris Kimb **A** H
 Delbert Hoisi **N** gton
 Joe Go **D** oy
 Bea **T** rice Hartford
 W alton Leighton
 Georg **E** Koles
 Ber **N** ice Morse
 Et **T** a Merrill
 Walter Re **Y** nolds
 Alice Mar **T** in
 H arriet Proctor
 Bessie **R** ain
 Maurice **R** E ed
 Alfr **E** d Paquet

Marguer **I** te Lupein
 S tanley Morrison
 Louise Schul **T** z
 H arold Low
 Mab **E** l Worledge
 Eliza **B** eth Watts
 H **E** len Warren
 Edith Wa **S** on
 Malcolm Spo **T** uswoode
 Dor **I** s Sanborn
 Leo **N** Wedluga
 Mary **P** arks
 Rufus **R** I ce
 Virgi **N** ia Whitney
 Jac **K** Oakes
 B **E** ulah West
 Ha **R** rison Robie
 Thomas **T** appan
 Ll **O** yd Hepworth
 Evely **N** Whipple
 1, 23

The Junior Class

There is a young lady named Verna
 And I'll tell you she's some Junior

She has pretty light hair
 And an engaging air
 That has our cute little Verna.

Then there is another Miss Lucy by name
 And I'll tell you that she's nothing the
 same

But she has a pug nose
 That gets red as a rose
 This charming Miss Lucy by name.

Then there is a fellow named Harold
 And I'll tell you that he is bold
 For he has girls by the score
 And is looking for more
 This engaging young Harold.

Then there's another, Paquet is his name
 And really and truly don't you think its
 a shame

For a man that's so speedie
 To be called plain pokie?
 But Oh my gracious what is in a name.
 An Idiot.

SENIOR BOYS

Ste **V** ens
E ddy
 B **R** own
 Kell **Y**

Ro **B** ertson
 B **E** an
 Park **S**
 S **T** ewart

Di **C** ey
L eon
 Alex **A** nder
 Pill **S** bury
 Wiggin **S**

Sm **I** th
 Rey **N** olds

Spotti **S** woode
C harley
 T **H** omas
 B **O** gle
 Har **O** ld
 Ha **L** l

SENIOR GIRLS

Thelm **A**

F rances
 Arl **I** ne
 Elea **N** or
E thel
 Marga **R** et

Dor **O** thy
 Ber **N** ice
 J **E** ssie

Ma **Y**
 D **O** ra
 L **U** el'a

Hele **N**
 V **E** lma
 V **I** nal
E dna
 A **R** villa

Glady **S**
A lma
 Bid **W** ell

What We Read

For Sale: A piano, good condition, property of a lady leaving New York in an elegant walnut case.

A good way to leave New York!

A lady living privately, will take a gentleman for breakfast and dinner.

Some appetite the lady has!

Families supplied by the quart or gallon. Certainly by wholesale!

He met a gentleman with one eye, named Walker.

Wonder what the name of the other eye is!

Single gentlemen furnished with rooms. one or two gentlemen, also, with wives.

A most convenient boarding house!

On the Chester & Derry—one day,
 Conductor to D. E. '22. "Your Fare"
 D. E. '22—"So they tell me."

ATHLETICS



Since coach Harvell arrived at P. A. he has started an athletic boom, such as the Academy has not seen for a long time.

Now that the foot ball season is over he has started an indoor track team to develop men for Spring track and to run at the B. A. A. meet in Boston, Feb. 4.

Call for candidates for the team was sent out about December 20, and fifteen boys responded and from these the coach has selected five that he is to take to N. H. State, Friday, Jan. 20 to get experience in running on the new board track.

This will keep the team very much in preparation for the meet Feb. 4, as none of the team except Rice has had any experience.

The five the coach is expected to take to college are, Rice, Bogle, Brooks, Hodg-

kins and Reynolds. Rice is our champion long distance runner, having captured prizes in several meets, he is expected to place in the 1000 yd. also the one mile at the B. A. A.

Bogle and Reynolds are the fastest 50 yd. dash men out for the team. Bogle is expected to make a good showing when he runs. Both are entered in the 50 yd. dash. Reynolds is also entered in the 660 yd. handicap race.

Brooks and Hodgkins are our other long distance men and it is a doubtful toss-up as to which is the better. Both are entered in the B. A. A. schoolboy 1000 yd. run.

All five are registered athletics in the N. E. A. A. U.

W. A. R. '23.

Exchanges

Comments

The Argus: Your exchange department is good, let's see something about our "Critic" in it. We congratulate you upon your literary department, which is one of the best.

The Breccia: Your Freshman Number was exceptionally good. The editorial in your Athletic Department was lively. Your collection of "Pebbles" was good, and the Music section, a new idea to us, was well worked out.

The Criterion: We have received one issue in magazine form, and wish all others were published in this manner. We suggest that your exchange department would be neater if arranged in alphabetical order.

The News: You are well named, for you are very "newsy". As you are one of our new ones, we cordially welcome you, and hope you will remain on our list. We like your "Who's Who in I. H. S."

The M. H. S. Oracle. Glad to see you. Please come again.

Orange and Black: We were sorry you were compelled to change to the magazine forms: we preferred the booklet form. May we suggest that your exchanges be put in alphabetical order?

We are very glad to welcome some new exchanges, although they were received some time ago, the first issue of our "Critic" had been mailed, as we are late in acknowledging the splendid additions.

We heartily thank the following for the exchanges received:

The Argue, Gardner High School, Gardner, Mass.

The Breccia, Portland, Me.

The Courier, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

The Criterion, Bridgeport, Conn.

The Echo, Winthrop, Mass.

The Lawrence High School Bulletin, Lawrence, Mass.

Manchester Men, Manchester, N. H.

The News, Debuque, Iowa.

The New Hampshire, Durham, N. H.

The Oracle, Manchester, N. H.

Orange and Black, Barton, Vt.

Red and Black, Claremont, N. H.

Red and Black, Rogers High School
Newport, R. I.

The Red and Blue, Manchester, N. H.,
Tuxino, Windsor, Conn.

The Vermilion.

The X-Ray, Sacramento, Cal.

H. L. A. '22

AMERICAN NATIONAL ANTHEM.

(as it is usually sung by the patriot public).
O-oh say can you see by the dawn early
light

Whatso prou dleewe hail dat the la-la-la
gleaming?

Who sbaw stri psan bri stak shoo the
perilous night

O'er the la-la-la-la were gal-lan-the
strea—ming.

And the rah-kets' red (silence save for a
few tenses) bur stingin air

la-la through the night that our fla gwah
still there.

Oh, say does that stak-spang-le ba-a-ner-
er yet wa-ay.

O'er the la-an of the freeeee, and the ho-oh
mof the bray?

On the shore la-la-la; la-la-la-la-la-la-
La-ladoo-dull-die-day, doodle day-dee-
die, doo-dull?

Lala-la-la-la-la; lala-la-la-la, la?

La-la-la (etc., for three lines; then all
together)

Fizz thuh stah-bang-le-spinner, oh, lan-
an may-ay-yit-it wa-ay.

O the la-an doff the freeeee, and the-
ho-oh mot thee bray. Anon.

The male sex have oftener wondered why
girls close their eyes when being kissed
Wonder no more—the answer is—

"To shut out everything else from this
sacred ceremony?!"

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